
SHOE SALE.




Style, \$1.49. This Style, \$1.49.

Ladies' black Sneds
A SLIPPERS, gold beaded
and bow, widths C, D and
everywhere at \$9.50, for

3,850 pairs hand made OXFORD
TIES; Amazon kid fared; pale
leather pointed tips; cloth tops
in gray, tan, wine and black

\$1.49

red beaver warm lined
SLIPPERS, all sizes, at
Minica's Dongola kid but-
tering heel SHOES, sizes
cheap for \$1.50, at.....

and Children's high button
ICS, spring heels, our
price \$1.50, to close out.
buckle ARCTICS, best
150 pairs Ladies' extra quality
ton SHOE, consisting of
garrot, kid foxed, patent
straight roset foxed, cork

49c. **Goodyear Glove Co.** first
 self-acting wool-lined
KAS, to close out.....
 49c. **self-acting CLOGS**, best

Boomingdale Bros., This
cor.

Bloomington

CLOAKS.

and were made up exclusively for the finest Retail
 fully appreciated upon seeing the goods.

NOTE THESE PRICES.
GARMENTS that were **\$4.00** Seal plush **JACKETS**, elegant
NOW **\$1.99** lined, value \$14.99; sale price.

NEWMARKETS, fine all-
laid materials, were \$14.00, 0.75
ported NEWMARKETS,
laid, value \$20.00, 2.75
Seal pinch JACKET, extra
laid, all sizes, value \$20.00,
\$20.50; sale price.....

10.10
 6.69
 6.44

Astrakhan, value \$22.50; new price.....
 One lot Children's, in fine plaid elegant style, with and without...

| | | |
|---|--------------|--|
| and Cheviots, that sold \$10.00 and \$18.00, now..... | 9.95 | special price..... |
| Cheviot JACKETS, reofer milk-lined, were \$95.00 and now..... | 16.75 | One lot Misses' NEWMARKET with triple caps, worth \$7.50, special price..... |

AMUSEMENTS.
THEATRE. J. M. HILL, Manager.
EDIA
EDIA

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENT
LEE AVE. ACA

8 & 15. MATINEE AT 2.
SQUARE PATRICK J. M. ILL. MOR.
LANT MORICE THE
BESS | COUNTY FAIR.
 Matinee, 5 P. M. Monday Matinee 2.

LAST FOUR TIMES. LAST NIGHTS.
 English Fencing and Fencing
THE FAIR. LAST NIGHT.
 The great English Fencing and Fencing
 of \$10,000, running in this view of and
 rate of

TO-NIGHT—Matinee Wednesday &
 Phonograph Matinee
MINNIE FALMER
 in
 H. G. Taylor and Harry Wilmott's
 production.
"A MILLION MINUTES"
 The great English Fencing and Fencing
 of \$10,000, running in this view of and
 rate of

[illegible]

The United Kingdom,
 and Ireland."

He strode rapidly out; but when rapid ruins loomed still and in his gaze, he checked for a his mad speed. A cold chill through his veins, and his tremors refused to obey his will. And Ah his darling Maud.

dead face of Maud above his and fresh as he had last seen before that fearful fall upon the

"Where am I? What does Are you, indeed, my own or only her glorified spirit?"

although tears shone like her blue eyes.

the cold gray rocks smote his mournful sound; his own foot echoed like a knell. An incubus of dread and fear seemed to settle upon him; he felt stifled and unable to breathe. But ah, anything rather than this terrible suspense. He rushed hurriedly to the door, and, lo! he had heard her terrified screams—he was precipitated to the room where they had come to their aid and found them both to a little cottage where he had been, bruised and bleeding, and dead, had passed from unconsciousness to the land of the living.

dom. It was still closed—all was silent within; with a desperate effort he pushed it open and gave a fearful gasp within. Yes, there, upon the floor, with starved and pinched, pallid features, lay loved—a corpse. For a moment

conscious to the floor.
—Paul," murmured a sweet
and a lingering kiss, was im-
happiest of benedicts.

most Became a Tragedy.

"Are those the ruins?" asked Maud, peering before her as she and Paul Helmsman, walking with

fall, and now and then a broken bust or statue shodowed ghastly in the uncertain light. Owls and bats, disturbed in their nooks and corners, uttered most unpleasant and sinister sounds, and the forest of trees surprised in their foraging expeditions, scampering hastily to their holes, and huge spiders, suddenly deprived of their cobweb homes, crawled in all directions.

Maud looked with nervous fear into the dim, dusty corners, and started and shivered at every sudden noise.

"One flight more," said Paul, as they passed at the foot of the last staircase, and we have a splendid view of the sea to repay us for the ghastly sights and sounds we have had to endure. Why, darling, how pale you look. If you really wish, we will go no further."

"No, Paul, I won't give way to my collanices; but the house seems to me like an immense tomb, and the moan I can see like a winged lament."

"My little, little, little darling."

"Did not think you were so easily affected. But come up to the room above and you will get a view from the window that will brighten your eyes and bring the color back to your cheeks."

They ascended the stairs, passed through a narrow passage, and entered a room. It contained but one window, which reached the floor, opening to a balcony which overhung the rocks below. The window was closed and begrimed with long accuaculated dust, and festooned with the webs of busy spiders. Determined to have an unobstructed view, Paul tried to pull the window sash. For a time it resisted, but at last it opened with a loud crash. A strong wind was blowing from the sea. It swept in at the open window with a great gust and the door of the room slammed to with a resounding slam. Maud gave a little scream of affright.

"Oh, Paul, what if the door wouldn't open again?"

"Why, how nervous you are, Maud," laughed Paul. "You'll see how quickly it will open."

And, advancing to the door, he clasped the knob and gave it a vigorous tug. The lock was old and rusty, and the knob came off in his hand, leaving the door, which was heavy and well preserved, still firm in its casing.

"Why, how nervous you are, Maud," he saw Maud's face blanch. "If the door won't open we can find another way. See, this balcony runs all the length of the house. We can walk upon it and enter some open door or window. Stay here for a moment."

"Oh, Paul, don't leave me."

He kissed her, and taking her in his arms, kissed her again and again.

"Why, Maud darling, why this excessive fear?"

"I cannot tell, Paul; but an unaccountable oppression stole over me as

the sight of this gloomy old building, and every moment I have spent in it has increased my agitation. It is a prescience of coming danger to one of us of us."

"My dearest, you are morbidly affected by this dismal place. I did wrong to bring you here. We will hurry away from its evil influences."

He stepped out upon the balcony as he spoke, and with a cheery word turned to reconnoitre, when immediately there was a loud crash—the balcony, rotten with age, had given way beneath his feet, and he was huried to the rocks below.

It was a strange sensation, the gradual awakening to consciousness, and now Trevor opened his eyes languidly, and dreamily wondered at his condition. He was lying in a humble cottage, and through the half-open door he could hear a murmur of voices. At first he tried to remember bewildered him, but gradually his mind became clear, and—ah, yes—he recollected his fall, the rocks, the sea, and with a feeling of acute pain it flashed across him that Maud was left a prisoner in that fatal house.

He strove to rise, but the sharp pain caused by the sudden movement pressed a groan from his lips. He sank back upon his pillow. The mental shock, together with the physical, so prostrated him, that he was powerless; but his brain seemed on fire. Ter-

rible visions of Maud alone and helpless in that solitary chamber, floated vividly before his mental sight.

He pictured to himself her terror as she lay in the slung, the sea breeze her agony when the terrors of her situation flashed across her, her frantic attempts to open the door, her wild appealing gaze out at the moonlight sea, her despair as the daylight crept slowly but surely out of the shadowy room, the black darkness gathering like a presence, the deathly stillness—unbroken save by the dash of the sea, or the ghostly sounds of the house—And a more terrible thought still crept upon his harrowed mind, chilling his very heart's blood. He rose from the bed and gazed frantically around. How long had he been lying senseless alone?—how long?—and Maud, his beautiful betrothed, was starving, lying in that awful house.

The blood rushed back strength to his weakened limbs, his blood coursed like fire through his veins. He would go to her. Dead or alive, he would break her from that fatal house of haunting shadows and fearful sounds. He rushed from the house, and fled to the woods under the sunlight crept through the trees and fell with broad bars of golden light over the green grass, the rabbit started, the birds had alarmed, his hasty tread; the birds twittered merrily in the leafy branches. All was life and joy, and seemed to fear and mock his

prose. Headless of the cramping pains in his limbs, and upheld by the feverish strength born of intense excitement, he strode rapidly out; and when he had disappeared, rooms looked still and sombre in his gaze, he checked for a moment his mad speed. A cold chill crept through his veins, and his trembling limbs refused to obey his will. But, Maud. Ah, his darling Maud. "I'm coming, Maud, I'm coming," he shouted, rushing frantically up the rumbling steps.

The wind, so warm without, met him chill and cold, as he rushed open the great door, and the yellow sunlight gleamed as it struggled in the semi-darkness. The dash of the sea as it broke against the cold gray rocks smote his ear with mournful sound; his own footfall echoed like a knell. An incubus of dread and fear seemed to settle upon his heart; he felt stifled and unable to breathe. But ah, anything rather than this! He turned back. He had hurriedly up the stairs to the door of the fatal room. It was still closed—all was deadly silent within; with a desperate effort he pushed it open and gave a horrified, fearful gasp within. Yes, there—there, upon the floor, with staring eyes and plucked, pallid features, lay a beloved—a corpse. For a moment he gazed at it; then, with a groan, sank unconscious to the floor.

"Paul—Paul," murmured a sweet voice; and a lingering kiss was im-

printed upon his lips. "Do you know me at last, Paul?"

Drowsily opening his eyes he saw the dead face of Maud above his own, pale and fresh as he had last seen it before that fearful fall upon the rocks.

"Where am I? What does it mean?" "You, indeed, my own sweet Maud, or only her glorified spirit?"

Maud laughed a happy little laugh, although tears shone like pearls in her blue eyes.

"It is only the horrid phantom of delirium that vexes you, Paul. I am no spirit, but a living, breathing reality."

And then she told him how some fishermen, sailing by in their little boat, had heard her terrified screams when he was precipitated to the rocks; how they had come to their aid and carried the body to a little cottage near by; how he, bruised and bleeding, yet not dead, had passed from unconsciousness to the maddening tortures of brain fever.

Though subjected to a long and painful illness, Paul could not fail to discover his wonted health under Maud's loving ministrations. Yet he was permanently lame. However, if the only great devotion of a bride can be the making of a bridegroom, Paul, leaning upon a staff while returning with Maud from the hymeneal altar, was as happy as a bridegroom.